

TARZAN'S father and mother were Lord and Lady Greystoke, marooned by a mutinous ship's crew on the African coast. Soon afterward Lady Greystoke's baby was born, and for a year thereafter they lived alone in the jungle fastness, unable to escape and unable to find or summon succor. The story of their life was recorded by Greystoke—up to the time his wife died. And the next day, when his vigilance relaxed, a troop of giant anthropoid apes attacked and killed him. A female of these jungle folk had that day seen her own offspring dashed to death from a tree-top, and mother instinct led her to snatch up the year-old child and carry it off with her. Soon "hungry" closed the gap between them, and the son of an English lord and an English lady was nursed at the breast of Kaia, the great ape. Then he grew to manhood—half human and half monkey in mind.

Tarzan Attempts to Play a Joke On the Tribe of Apes, but They Fail to See the Point

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NUMA the lion crouched behind a thorn-bush close beside the drinking pool where the river eddied just below the bend. There was a ford there, and in either bank a well-worn trail, broadened far out at the river's brim, where for countless centuries the wild things of the jungle and of the plains beyond had come down to drink, the carnivora with bold and fearless mastery, the herbivora timorous, hesitating, fearful.

Numa the lion was hungry; he was very hungry, and so he was quite silent now. On his way to the drinking place he had moaned often and roared not a little; but as he neared the spot where he would lie in wait for Dango, the deer or Horta the boar or some other of the many luscious-fleshed creatures who came hither to drink, he was silent. It was a grim, terrible silence, shot through with yellow-green light of ferocious eyes, punctuated with undulating tremors of slavious tail.

It was Pocco the zebra who came first, and Numa the lion could scarce restrain a roar of anger, for of all the plain people none are more wary than Pocco the zebra.

Behind the black-striped stallion came a herd of thirty or forty of the plump and vicious little horelike beasts. As he neared the river the leader paused often, cocking his ears and raising his muzzle to sniff the gentle breeze for the telltale scent-spoor of the dread flesh-eaters.

Numa shifted uneasily, drawing his hind quarters far beneath his tawny body, gathering himself for the sudden charge and the savage assault. His eyes shot hungry fire. His great muscles quivered to the excitement of the moment.

Pocco came a little nearer—halted, snorted and wheeled. There was a pattering of scurrying hoofs, and the herd was gone; but Numa the lion moved not. He was familiar with the ways of Pocco the zebra. He knew that he would return, though many times he might again wheel and fly before he summoned the courage to lead his harem and his offspring to the water. There was the chance that Pocco might be frightened off entirely. Numa had seen this happen before, and so he became almost rigid lest he be the one to send them galloping waterless back to the plain.

Again and again came Pocco and his family, and again and again did they turn and flee; but each time they came closer to the river until at last the plump stallion dipped his velvet muzzle daintily into the water. The others, stepping warily, approached their leader. Numa selected a sleek, fat filly, and his flaming eyes burned greedily as he feasted upon her, for Numa the lion loves the meat of Pocco, perhaps because Pocco is, of all the grass-eaters, the most difficult to catch.

Slowly the lion rose, and, as he rose, a twig snapped beneath one of his great, padded paws. Like a shot from a rifle he charged upon the filly; but the snaped twig had been enough to startle the timorous quarry so that they were in instant flight simultaneously with Numa's charge.

The stallion was last, and with a prodigious leap the lion caught up through the air to seize him; but the snapping twig had robbed Numa of his dinner, though his mighty talons raked the zebra's glossy rump, leaving four crimson bars across the beautiful coat.

It was an angry Numa that quitted the river and prowled, fierce, dangerous and hungry, into the jungle. Far from particular now was his appetite. Even Dango the hyena would have seemed a tid-bit to that ravenous snaw. And in this temper it was that the lion came upon the tribe of Kerchak the great ape.

One does not look for Numa the lion thus late in the morning. He should be lying up asleep beside his night's kill by now; but Numa made no kill last night. He was eating, hungrier than ever.

anthropoids were idling about, the first keen desire of coming's hunger having been d. Numa scented them long before he saw them. Ordinarily he have turned away in search of

painful nature. Calling to the apes to watch him, Tarzan slipped to the ground and gathered a handful of small fragments.

Tarzan knew that when once they had seen him carry out his idea they would be much quicker to follow his lead than to obey his instructions, were he to command them to procure pieces of rock and hurl them at Numa, for Tarzan was not then king of the apes of the tribe of Kerchak. That came in later years. Now he was but a youth, though one who had already won for himself a place in the councils of the savage beasts among which a strange fate had cast him.

The sullen bulls of the older generation still hated Tarzan, as beasts hate those of whom they are suspicious, whose scent-characteristic is the scent-characteristic of an alien order and therefore of an enemy order. The younger bulls, those who had grown up through childhood as Tarzan's acolytes, were as accustomed to Tarzan's scent as to that of any other member of the tribe. They felt no greater suspicion of him than of any other bull of their acquaintance; yet they did not love him, for they loved none of the mating-season, and the animosities aroused by other bulls during that season lasted well over until the next. They were a morose and peevish band at best.

So now Tarzan led where he could not yet command. He had long since discovered the apes' propensity for enmity and learned to make use of it. With his arms and with fragments of granite, he clambered again into a tree, and it pleased him to see that the apes had followed his example.

During the brief respite while they were gathering their ammunition, Numa had settled himself to feed; but scarce had he arranged himself and his kill when a sharp piece of rock hurled by the practiced hand of the ape-man struck him upon the cheek. His sudden roar of pain and rage was smothered by a volley from the apes who had seen Tarzan's act. Numa shook his massive head and glared upward at his tormentors. For a half-hour they pursued him with rocks and broken branches, and though he dragged his kill into

prodding in any way through his attack upon the tribe. Tarzan guessed that should Numa find it an easy thing to snatch a meal from the tribe one living nightmare of hideous watchfulness and dread. Numa must be taught that the killing of an ape brought immediate punishment and no rewards. It would take but a few lessons to insure the former safety of the tribe. This must be some old lion whose falling strength and agility he could catch; but even a single lion, undisciplined, could exterminate the tribe, or at least make its existence so precarious and so terrifying that life would no longer be a pleasant condition.

"Let him hunt among the Gomangani," thought Tarzan. "He will find them easier prey. I will teach Numa that he may not hunt the Mangani."

But how to wrest the body of his victim from the feeding lion was the first question to be solved. At last Tarzan hit upon a plan. To any one but Tarzan of the Apes it might have seemed a rather risky plan, and perhaps it did even to him; but Tarzan liked things that contained a considerable element of danger. At any rate, I rather doubt that you or I would have chosen a similar plan for foiling an angry and hungry lion.

TARZAN required assistance in the scheme he had hit upon, and his assistant must be equally brave and almost as active as he. The apes' eyes fell upon Taug, the playmate of his childhood, the rival in his first love, and now, of all the bulls of the tribe, the only one that might be thought to hold in his savage brain any such feeling toward Tarzan as we describe among ourselves as friendship. At least, Tarzan knew, Taug was courageous, and he was young and agile and wonderfully muscled.

SCARCELY HAD NUMA THE LION SETTLED HIMSELF TO FEED WHEN A SHARP PIECE OF ROCK WAS HURLED AT HIS HEAD BY THE APE-MAN.

Taug!" cried the ape-man. The great ape looked up from a dead limb he was attempting to tear from a lightning-blasted tree. "Go close to Numa and worry him," said Tarzan. "Worry him until he charges. Lead him away from the body of Manka. Keep him away as long as you can."

Taug nodded. He was across the clearing from Tarzan. Wreathing the limb at last from the tree, he dropped to the ground and advanced toward Numa, growling and barking out his insults. The worried lion looked up and rose to his feet. His tail went stiffly erect, and Taug turned in flight, for he knew that warning signal of the charge.

From behind the lion Tarzan ran quickly toward the centre of the clearing and the body of Manka. Numa, all his eyes for Taug, did not see the ape-man. Instead, he shot forward after the fleeing bull, who had turned in flight not an instant too soon, since he reached the nearest tree but a yard or two ahead of the pursuing devil. Like a cat, the heavy anthropoid scampered up the bole of his sanctuary. Numa's talons missing him only by inches.

For a moment the lion paused beneath the tree, glaring up at the ape and pouring into the earth trembles; then he turned back again toward his kill—and as he did so his tail shot once more to rigid erectness and he charged back even more ferociously than he had come, for what he saw was the naked man-thing running toward the further trees, with the bloody carcass of his prey across a great shoulder.

The apes, watching the grim race

from the safety of the trees, screamed taunts at Numa and warnings to Tarzan. The high sun, hot and brilliant, fell like a spot-light upon the actors in the little clearing, portraying them in the glaring relief to the audience in the leafy shadows of the surrounding trees—the light-brown body of the naked youth all but hidden by the shaggy carcass of the killed ape, the red blood streaking his smooth hide, his muscles rolling velvety beneath. Beneath him came the black-maned lion, head flattened, tail extended, racing, a jungle thoroughbred, across the sunlit clearing.

Ah, but this was life! With death at his heels, Tarzan thrilled with the joy of such living as this; but would he reach the trees ahead of the rampant death so close behind?

Gunto awing from a limb in a tree before him, Gunto was screaming warnings and advice.

"Catch me!" cried Tarzan, and with his heavy burden leaped straight for the big bull hanging there by his hind feet and one fore-paw. Gunto caught them—the big ape-man and the dead weight of the slain rhe-ape—caught them with one great hairy paw and whirled them upward until Tarzan's fingers closed upon a nearby branch.

Beneath, Numa leaped; but Gunto, heavy and awkward as he may have appeared, was as quick as Manu the monkey, so that the lion's talons but barely grazed him, scratching a bloody streak beneath one hairy arm.

Tarzan carried Manka's corpse to a high crotch where even Sheeta the panther could not get it. Numa paced angrily back and forth beneath

cried. "We hunt as we will through the jungle, paying no heed to approaching enemies. Even Manu the monkey does not so. He keeps two or three always watching for enemies. Pocco the zebra and Wappi the antelope have those about the herd who keep watch while the others feed. While we, the great Mangani, let Numa and Nabor and Sheeta come when they will and carry us off to feed their bulus."

"Gr-r-rmph!" said Numa.

"What are we to do?" asked Taug.

"We, too, should have two or three always watching for the approach of Numa and Nabor and Sheeta," replied Tarzan. "No others need we fear, except Hishah the snake, and if we watch for the others we will see Hishah if he comes."

And so it was that the great apes of the tribe of Kerchak posted sentries thereafter who watched upon three sides while the tribe hunted, scattered less than had been their wont.

But Tarzan went abroad alone, for Tarzan was a man-thing and sought amusement and adventure and such humor as the grim and terrible jungle offers to those who know it and do not fear it—a weird humor, shot with blazing eyes and dappled with the crimson of life-blood. While others sought only food and love, Tarzan of the Apes sought food and joy.

One day Tarzan hovered above the palisaded village of Mbonga the chief, the jet cannibal of the jungle primeval. Tarzan saw, as he had seen many times before, the witch-doctor Hahba Kega decked out in the head

and hide of Gorgo the buffalo. It amused Tarzan to see a Gomangani parading as a Gorgo; but it suggested nothing in particular to him until he chanced to see stretched against the side of Mbonga's hut the skin of a lion with the head still on. Then a broad grin widened the handsome face of the savage beast-youth.

Back into the jungle he went until chance, agility, strength and cunning, backed by his marvelous powers of perception, gave him an easy meal. If Tarzan felt that the world owed him a living, he also realized that it was for him to collect it; nor was there ever a better collector than this son of an English lord, who knew even less of the ways of his forebears than he did of the forebears themselves—which was nothing.

It was quite dark when Tarzan returned to the village of Mbonga and took his now polished perch in the tree which overhung the palisade upon one side of the walled enclosure. As there was nothing in particular to feast upon in the village, there was little life in the single street, for only an orgy of flesh and native beer could draw out the people of Mbonga. Tonight they sat gossiping about their cooking fires—that is, the older members of the tribe; the younger people paired off in the shadows of the palm-thatched huts.

Tarzan dropped lightly into the village, and, sneaking stealthily in the concealment of the denser shadows, approached the hut of Chief Mbonga. Here he found that which he sought. There were warriors all about him, but they did not know that the feared devil-god slunk noiselessly so near them; nor did they see him possess himself of that which he coveted and depart from their village as noiselessly as he had come.

Later that night, as Tarzan curled himself for sleep, he lay for a long time looking up at the burning planets and the twinkling stars and at Goro the moon, and he smiled. He recalled how ludicrous the great bulls had appeared in their mad scramble for safety that day when Numa had charged among them and seized Manka, and yet he knew them to be fierce and courageous. It was

the sudden shock of surprise that always sent them into a panic; but of this Tarzan was not as yet fully aware. That was something he was to learn in the near future.

He fell asleep with a broad grin upon his face.

MANU the monkey awoke Tarzan in the morning by dropping discarded bean-pods upon his upturned face from a branch a short distance above him. Tarzan looked up and smiled. He had been awakened thus many times before, and Manu was fairly good friends, their friendship operating upon a reciprocal basis. Sometimes Manu would come running early in the morning to wake Tarzan and tell him that Hara the deer was feeding close at hand, or that Horta the boar was asleep in a mudhole hard by, and in return Tarzan broke open the shells of the harder nuts and fruits for Manu, or frightened away Hishah the snake and Sheeta the panther.

The sun had been up for some time, and the tribe had already wandered off in search of food. Manu indicated, with a wave of his hand and a few piping notes of his squeaky little voice, the direction they had taken.

And then into the clearing strode Numa the lion—majestic and mighty, and from a deep chest issued the moan and the cough and the rumbling roar that set stiff hairs to bristling from shaggy craniums down the length of mighty apes. Inside the clearing Numa paused, and on the instant there fell upon him from the trees near by a shower of broken rock and dead limbs torn from age-old trees. A dozen times he was hit, and then the apes ran down and gathered other rocks, pelted him unmercifully.

Numa turned to flee, but his way was barred by a fusillade of sharp-cornered missiles; and then upon the edge of the clearing great Taug met him with a huge fragment of rock as large as a man's head—and down went the Lord of the Jungle beneath the stunning blow.

With shrieks and roars and loud barking, the great apes of the tribe of Kerchak rushed upon the fallen lion. Sticks and stones and yellow fangs menace, the still form. In an other moment, before he could regain consciousness, Numa would be battered and torn until only a bloody mass of broken bones and matted hair remained of what had once been the most dreaded of all the creatures that lived in the jungle.

But even as the sticks and stones were raised above him, and the great fangs bared to tear him, there descended like a plummet from the trees above a diminutive figure with long, white whiskers and a wrinkled face. Square upon the body of Numa it alighted, and there it danced and screamed and shrieked out its challenge against the bulls of Kerchak.

For an instant they paused, paralyzed by the wonder of the thing. It was Manu the monkey, Manu the little coward, and here he was daring the ferocity of the great Mangani, hopping about upon the carcass of Numa the lion and crying out that they must not strike it again.

And when the bulls paused Manu reached down and seized a tawny ear. With all his little might he tugged upon the heavy head until, slowly, it turned back—revealing the touselled black head and clean-cut profile of Tarzan of the Apes.

Some of the older apes were for finishing what they had commenced; but Taug—sullen, mighty Taug—sprang quickly to the ape-man's side and, straddling the unconscious form, warned back those who would have struck his childhood playmate.

It was a surprised and chastened Tarzan who opened his eyes to consciousness a few minutes later. He looked about him at the surrounding apes, and slowly there returned to him a realization of what had occurred.

Gradually a broad grin illuminated his features. His bruises were many, and they hurt; but the good that had come from his adventure was worth all that it had cost. He had learned, for instance, that the apes of Kerchak had heeded his teaching, and he had learned that he had good friends among the sullen beasts whom he had thought without sentiment. He had discovered that Manu the monkey—even little, cowardly Manu—had risked life in his defense.

It made Tarzan very glad to know these things; but at the other lesson he had been taught he reddened. He had always been a joker, the only joker in the grim and terrible company; but now, as he lay there half dead from his hurts, he almost swore a solemn oath forever to forego pranks, prepared, after their own way to be fierce and courageous. It was

—Tarzan had merely suggested a new and additional safeguard.

Gunto was posted to-day to the north of the clearing. He squatted in the fork of a tree from where he might view the jungle for quite a distance about him. It was he who first discovered the enemy. A rustling in the undergrowth attracted his attention, and a moment later he had a partial view of a shaggy mane and a tawny yellow back. Just a glimpse it was through the matted foliage beneath him; but it brought from Gunto's leathery lungs a shrill "Kreeg-ah!" which is the ape for "Hewar!" or "Danger!"

Instantly the tribe took up the cry until "Kreeg-ah!" rang through the jungle about the clearing as apes swung quickly to places of safety among the lower branches of the trees.

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With shrieks and roars and loud barking, the great apes of the tribe of Kerchak rushed upon the fallen lion. Sticks and stones and yellow fangs menace, the still form. In an other moment, before he could regain consciousness, Numa would be battered and torn until only a bloody mass of broken bones and matted hair remained of what had once been the most dreaded of all the creatures that lived in the jungle.

But even as the sticks and stones were raised above him, and the great fangs bared to tear him, there descended like a plummet from the trees above a diminutive figure with long, white whiskers and a wrinkled face. Square upon the body of Numa it alighted, and there it danced and screamed and shrieked out its challenge against the bulls of Kerchak.

For an instant they paused, paralyzed by the wonder of the thing. It was Manu the monkey, Manu the little coward, and here he was daring the ferocity of the great Mangani, hopping about upon the carcass of Numa the lion and crying out that they must not strike it again.

And when the bulls paused Manu reached down and seized a tawny ear. With all his little might he tugged upon the heavy head until, slowly, it turned back—revealing the touselled black head and clean-cut profile of Tarzan of the Apes.

Some of the older apes were for finishing what they had commenced; but Taug—sullen, mighty Taug—sprang quickly to the ape-man's side and, straddling the unconscious form, warned back those who would have struck his childhood playmate.

It was a surprised and chastened Tarzan who opened his eyes to consciousness a few minutes later. He looked about him at the surrounding apes, and slowly there returned to him a realization of what had occurred.

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HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

A VIVID STORY OF LIFE IN THE WEST

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